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AN OILIO

OF

Lobe and Song,

BY

SIDNEY DYER.

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AN O L I O

OF

Love and Song,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ATHENIAN SOCIETY,

OF

INDIANA UNIVERSITY,

JULY 31, 1855.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

INDIANAPOLIS:

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1855.

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INDIANA UNIVERSITY,
Bloomington, Aug. 1, 1855. }

REV. S. DYER,

Dear Sir—We, the Committee appointed from the ATHENIAN SOCIETY, in their name, tender to you our sincere thanks, and hearty approbation, for the eloquent manner in which you delivered your excellent Poem on last evening, and herewith most earnestly desire a copy for publication.

Yours, respectfully,

S. A. HOOVER, (Ch'm.)	} Committee.
H. W. BALLANTINE,	
M. EVANS,	
W. MULLIKIN,	
T. J. WOLFE,	}

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., August 3d, 1855.

Gentlemen :—Your very flattering note of the 1st instant, came duly to hand. I regret that the time allowed me after the receipt of your invitation, did not enable me to present something more worthy of your acceptance ; but as you seem pleased with my performance, such as it is, I place it in your hands.

As some of the lyrics have been disposed of to Music Publishers, I am under the necessity of securing the Copy Right, to preserve their right of property.

Very truly, &c.,

S. DYER.

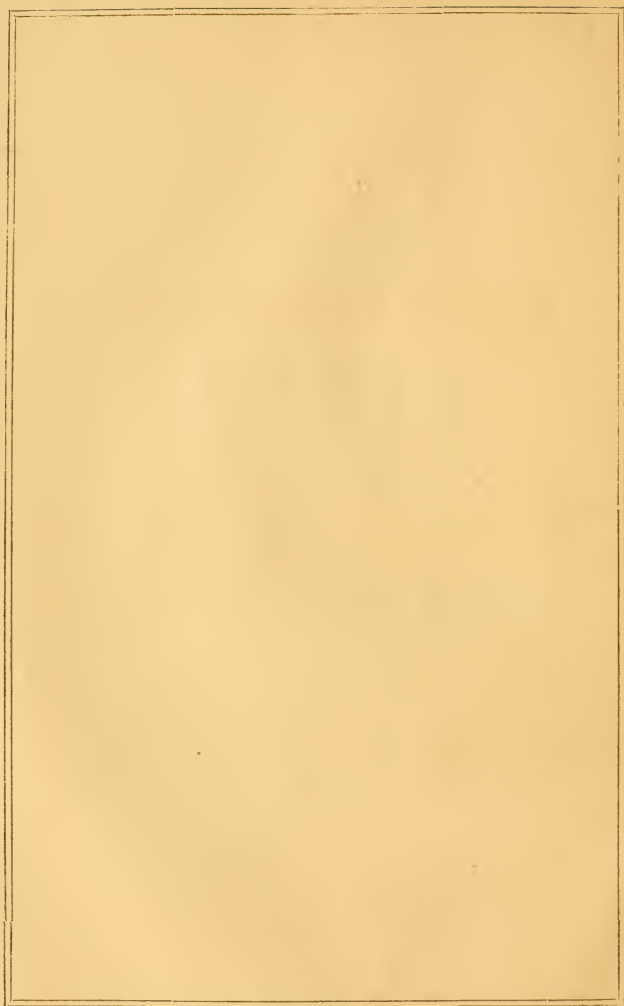
Messrs. S. A. HOOVER,

H. W. BALLANTINE, &c., &c.

AN OLIO

OF

LOVE AND SONG.



AN OLIO
OF
LOVE AND SONG.

I.

WHEN chaos reigned, ere form had sprung to birth,
And void and darkness hung o'er all appalling,
Fell discord shook with horrid din the earth,
And deep discordant unto deep was calling.

II.

Up through the void ascends the jarring sound
Of maniac seas, nor laws nor boundries owning,
While from beneath reverberates the dark profound,
As Earth's great heart in agony is groaning.

III.

The angels look on all in rapt amaze,
For since rebellious spirits thence were driven,
No shade of night had e'er come o'er their gaze,
Nor discord broke upon the ear of Heaven.

IV.

But while they gaze, a spirit moves along
The surface of the night-enshrouded ocean ;
Tis God upon the waters, and in song,
The waves are lulled to harmony of motion.

V.

The gates of light with music soft unfold,
And lo ! is seen the earliest blush of dawning,
While orb on orb unite their chords of gold,
To celebrate the glorious birth of morning.

VI.

The " morning stars," which gem the azure sky,
Their newborn radiance o'er creation flinging,
Join with the " sons of God " in pealing high
A song of praise, and Heaven and Earth are singing.

VII.

The Ocean gathered to its mountain bars,
And hill and valley lapped in bliss and beauty,
Take their first lesson from the vocal stars,
And learn to sing, for song is Love's first duty.

VIII.

In blooming Eden through each fragrant grove,
With cadence soft, sweet melodies were flowing ;
And every whisper breathed of guileless love,
For only love can cause a pure heart's glowing.

IX.

When thus the world awoke to light and song,
And loud the chorus up to God was swelling,
The wonder grew among the heavenly throng,
Whose blissful home should be in such a dwelling.

X.

The God whose praise harmonious Nature sung,
From dust unconscious formed the mystic being ;
And life from *Him* into his bosom sprung,
Man, lord of Earth, and type of the ALL SEEING.

XI.

When in his soul awoke the warm desire,
The heart a language sought to speak its pleasure ;
And soft within, as from a hidden lyre,
Sweet melody broke forth in joyous measure.

XII.

Lapped in elysian airs man had his birth,
And song expressed his soul's first warm emotion ;
And evenmore 'twill be in Heaven and Earth,
The dialect of love and pure devotion.

XIII.

Thus Love and Song are Heaven-begotten twins,
The brightest far of all its fair revealing ;
When either in the soul its reign begins,
The other welcome finds a kindred feeling.

XIV.

In that sad hour when Adam plucked and ate,
The fruit he might not touch by Heaven's decreeing,
Then Earth first knew the bitterness of hate,
And Love returned to God a spotless being.

XV.

But He whose mercy brooks no long delay,
Back to the world the beauteous one returning,
Bade her again resume her heavenly sway,
A sacred flame in every pure heart burning.

XVI.

And Earth is blest to hear the voice of song,
In dulcet strains a tide of bliss outpouring,
As joy returns to praise each silent tongue,
To vie with seraphim in their adoring.

XVII.

Oh, priceless boon ! how oft the stricken heart,
Resorts to thee when sad and all forsaken,
And thou hast still a balm which can impart
A thrill of joy, and hope anew awaken !

XVIII.

And when exquisite raptures fill the soul,
And every pulse with new delight is waking,
Too deep for words, it spurns their dull control,
We burst in song, and save the heart from breaking.

XIX.

There is a rapture in its slightest tone,
Which words ne'er give however fitly spoken ;
It takes the harp which long has hung alone,
And wakes to joy the string that grief had broken.

XX.

No other voice can tell the power of love,
Or heal the wound when sad and spirit riven ;
No other pay the homage due above,
Or make the Earth so near a type of Heaven.

XXI

The infant, ere the reign of thought is known,
Is taught the power of love in tuneful numbers ;
It feels the spell there is in music's tone,
To soothe the pain and lull to gentle slumbers.

XXII.

And age, when burns no more the warm desire,
Revives, as song awakes the pleasing measure
So often sung, when youth's ethereal fire
First glowed with early love's delicious pleasure.

XXIII.

In early youth all redolent of joy,
Or when three score and ten our years have lengthened,
We love to sing, and in the sweet employ,
Still find the heart in grief or joy is strengthened.

XXIV.

Oh, ne'er profane a theme so fraught with good ;
Nor deem they trifle who the lyre had taken,
And free from grosser cares, its chords have wooed,
To cheer the sad, and Love's pure flame awaken.

XXV.

But deem that bosom cold that ne'er is moved
When song its charm round other hearts is throwing ;
And colder still the soul that ne'er has loved,
Nor felt the raptures of its early glowing.

XXVI.

Love is the aroma of heavenly flowers,
And song the echo of angelic gladness ;
These give to life the bliss of honied hours,
And sanctify our very days of sadness.

XXVII.

However humble be the Bard who sings,
If he can touch one chord of love that slumbers,
His name above the proudest line of kings,
Shall live immortal in his truthful numbers.

XXVIII.

The name of him who sung of "Home, Sweet Home,"
Is now enshrined with every holy feeling ;
And though he sleeps beneath no sainted dome,
Each heart a pilgrim at his shrine is kneeling.

XXIX.

The Epic Muse may brave sublime flights,
And sing of heroes, wars, and battle horrors ;
But ne'er can strains like these yield those delights
We find in songs which breathe our joys and sorrows.

XXX.

The simple lays that wake to tears when sung,
Like chords of feeling from the music taken,
Are in the bosom of the singer strung,
Which every throbbing heart pulse will awaken.

XXXI.

Who e'er can sing will find the blest employ,
Full oft from grosser ties the soul has riven,
Till quite transfigured on the mount of joy,
We hold sweet converse with the choir of Heaven.

XXXII.

Then, chide me not that I delighted sung,
Ere I could shape my song to fitting measure ;
That all untaught the rustic shell I strung,
For song has been to me a priceless treasure.

XXXIII.

I sung because there was a joy in song,
Since love inspired my first rude numbers flowing ;
And now I've tried the world full well and long,
I love to sing, for passion still is glowing.

XXXIV.

And till this heart shall rest beneath the tomb,
When joy shall smile, or grief my pathway darken,
This soul shall yield to love the chiefest room,
My ear to music ever turn and harken.

XXXV.

And when in yonder blissful home above,
Away the garb of imperfection flinging,
The heart shall glow with everlasting love,
The tongue in rapturous strains be ever singing.

XXXVI.

When o'er the past we muse in pensive grief,
And mark the wrecks of joy around us lying,
Song is a refuge of assured relief,
That hope inspires amid the dead and dying.

XXXVII.

Thus song enshrines the bliss of other days,
And brightens all the promise of to-morrow ;
It brings a joy that every loss repays,
And soothes the pain that swells the heart of sorrow.

XXXVIII.

While song can thus new energy impart,
And plume the soul with more than angel pinions,
I'll sing till every shadow leaves the heart,
And woo celestial bliss from Heaven's dominions.

XXXIX.

Oh, could I now those years recall,
When life was like a summer day,
I would not ask, to see them all
Again in sorrow pass away.
Ah, who would more than once behold
The light of youth and hope depart,
And feel the life-blood growing cold,
And weep as joy forsakes the heart.
Oh, no could I those years recall,
When life was like a summer day,
I would not ask, to see them all
Again in sorrow pass away.

XL.

With joy I turn my longing eyes
Where on the verge of coming night,
Celestial beams glow on the skies,
And fall with rapture on my sight ;
And oh, my heart as light appears,
And free as youth from care and pain,
I wipe away the falling tears,
Nor sigh for early joys again.
Oh, no, could I those years recall,
When life was like a summer day,
I would not ask, to see them all
Again in sorrow pass away.

XLI.

Oh, sacred power ! the darkly gathering mist,
That hangs along the verge of life at even,
Thy spell can change to glowing amethyst,
And give each sigh the melody of Heaven !

XLII.

Of all the memories which we love to greet,
To ear and soul exquisite pleasure bringing,
No others e'er return so oft and sweet,
As voices once around the hearth-stone singing.

XLIII.

Oh, we remember how the years have sped,
Since last we listened to the gentle hearted,
And treasure up the holy tears we shed,
As we repeat the strains their lips imparted.

XLIV.

And now, when memory wakes the pleasing tone,
To youthful ears more sweet than any other,
Forgive the singer, if the spell I own,
And breathe one song to thee, my sainted mother !

XLV.

The days of my youth have all silently sped,
And my locks are now grown thin and grey ;
My hopes, like a dream in the morning, have fled,
And nothing remains but decay ;
Yet, I seem but a child, as I was long ago,
When I stood by the form of my sire,
And my dear mother sung, as she rocked to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.

XLVI.

Oh, she was my guardian and guide all the day,
And the angel who watched round my bed ;
Her voice in a murmur of prayer died away
For blessings to rest on my head.
Then I thought ne'er an angel that Heaven could know,
Though trained in its own peerless choir,
Could sing like my mother, who rocked to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.

XLVII.

How holy the place as we gathered at night,
Round the altar where peace ever dwelt,
To join in an anthem of praise, and unite
In thanks which our hearts truly felt.
In his sacred old seat, with his locks white as snow,
Sat the venerable form of my sire,
While my dear mother sung, as she rocked to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.

XLVIII.

The cottage is gone which my infancy knew,
And the place is despoiled of its charms,
My friends are all gathered beneath the old yew,
And slumber in death's folded arms ;
But often with rapture my bosom doth glow,
As I think of my home and my sire,
And the dearest of mothers who sung long ago,
In the old easy chair by the fire !

XLIX.

Delicious strain ! that brings the very tone
That voice awoke ere one sweet chord was broken,
And makes the spirit feel 'tis not alone,
Tho' years have passed since love's adieu was spoken.

L.

When cherished friends are wandering far away,
How song will soothe the spirit's lonely yearning,
And brighten all the hours that yet delay,
As oft we sing the joy of their returning.

LI.

Adieu—is uttered with a sigh,
Farewell—we speak in pain ;
We ever part with tearful eye,
We may not meet again ;
But oh, there is a blissful word,
When breathed by those who roam,
Which thrills with joy whenever heard,
'Tis, coming, coming home !

LII.

'Tis sad to take the parting gaze
For long, long weary years,
As onward through the gathering haze,
The gallant bark careers ;
But joy untold the bosom swells,
When o'er the dashing foam,
We mark the whitening sail that tells,
The loved are coming home !

LIII.

We love to hear from those who pine
Upon a foreign strand ;
There is a pleasure in each line,
Traced by the well-known hand ;
But oh, the rapture of that hour,
When those beloved who roam,
Have breathed those words of magic power,
I'm coming, coming home !

LIV.

When round the old familiar hearth we meet,
To share again the fond parental blessing,
How sweet the songs our joyful lips repeat,
For they were sung when youthful love expressing.

LV.

And when that hour has come that we must part,
Assured that Earth will yield no other meeting,
Oh how the light of hope comes o'er the heart ;
As then we sing, " Adieu ! 'tis love's last greeting."

LVI.

Ah, many and sad are the years we have known,
Since round the old hearth-stone we joyfully met ;
What dreams of ambition forever have flown,
And hope's fairy visions in darkness have set ;
But the past is forgotten now we are all here,
Where first we knew grief as we parted to roam ;
And oh, what a rapture there is in a tear,
When shed as we meet with the old folks at home !

LVII.

Our paths have been widely dissevered through life,
And varied the scenes that have yielded employ ;
To some it has been but a dark battle strife,
While others have felt sweet emotions of joy.
But now, as returned from the East and the West,
Or safe from a life on the wild ocean foam,
One deep thrill of pleasure pervades every breast,
As we all meet again with the old folks at home.

LVIII.

Then let us rejoice in re-union to-night,
Since fate with the dawning has doomed us to part,
And all the endearments that now give delight,
Must yield to the grief that returns to the heart ;
For oh, on the morrow we sever in pain,
For a far distant land or a path o'er the foam,
Assured ere we meet on this loved spot again,
The grass will grow green o'er the old folks at home !

LIX.

The soul that loves and is beloved by one,
A pure affection that must burn forever,
Oh then, like drops, those hearts together run,
Each is the other's life—'tis death to sever.

LX.

When fate has sundered ties to both so dear,
How oft the lonely one will sit at even,
And sing, as falls sweet memory's holy tear,
Of parting hour, and union yet in Heaven.

LXI.

We parted in youth, but 'twas fate bade us sever,
And hope sweetly whispered, we meet soon again ;
Alas ! had we known that farewell was forever,
No power should have sundered our fond hearts in twain.
I left thee a rover on life's stormy ocean ;
Thou, thou wert the star I had chosen to guide ;
And ne'er has my heart ever swerved in devotion,
But turns to thee fondly whate'er may betide.

LXII.

We parted in youth when our vows were first spoken,
Nor dreamed of the fate that should darken our years ;
But truth ever triumphs, those vows are unbroken,
Made stronger, like cords, with their dewing of tears.
Though wrecked on the waters, and hopelessly driven,
Wide, wide o'er the ocean where'er the storm will,
Despairing, I look, when the storm-cloud is riven,
And thou art the star I would gaze upon still.

LXIII.

We parted in youth, and each hope early blighted,
We never can meet those fond vows to renew ;
But deathless affections our hearts have united,
And distance ne'er sunders when spirits are true ;
Though sinking beneath the dark whirl of the ocean,
And helpless I struggle, I will not despair ;
In some distant world shines my star of devotion,
And thou art the one I will gaze upon there !

LXIV.

Let "Hail Columbia" greet the Freeman's ear,
And he will rouse when faint and nigh despairing ;
And "Yankee Doodle" quells the rising fear,
When in the thickest fight the battle daring.

LXV.

We sing the stars and stripes that proudly wave
Where soars the bird of Jove on mighty pinions ;
And feel that song can doubly arm the brave,
And throw a bulwark round our blest dominions.

LXVI.

No people can be long enslaved where song,
With patriotic glow, is freely chanted ;
For they will spurn the proud oppressor's wrong,
And brave the tyrant with a soul undaunted.

LXVII.

Among the names we so delight to own,
There's none Columbia e'er should honor higher,
Than those whose power we feel in every tone
Those strings awake they gave our Nation's lyre.

LXVIII.

When our forefathers from them cast
The chains which bound the conscience fast,
They vowed henceforth the soil they trod
Should have no king but thee, O God !
But evermore from sea to sea,
Should glow the fires of liberty.

And we, their sons, repeat again,
Here Pope, nor priest, nor king shall reign ;
Then let us sing our native land,
The chorus swell from sea to sea ;
For song will nerve each heart and hand
To guard our glorious Liberty.

LXIX.

Ay, by the blood that freely flowed,
When first the fires of Freedom glowed ;
By all the years of toil and pain
Endured to break the tyrant's chain ;
And by the Freedom nobly won,
We pledge, each true Columbia's son,
To guard our own dear native land,
From every foreign spoiler's hand.
Then, rally, rally patriot band,
The chorus swell from sea to sea,
For song will nerve each heart and hand
To guard our glorious Liberty.

LXX.

We welcome all who hither come
To find in Freedom's land a home,
And give them leave by honest toil,
To gather riches from our soil ;
But claim the sacred right to be
The guardians of our Liberty ;
'Tis ours to hold, and ours to guide
The land for which our fathers died.
Then, let us sing our native land,
The chorus swell from sea to sea,
And song shall nerve each heart and hand
To guard our glorious Liberty,

LXXI.

As up the mountain leaps the startled roe,
And on the track pursues the hardy ranger,
His cheerful strain awakes the vale below,
As on he bounds to tread the path of danger.

LXXII.

He envies not the peasant's quiet life,
In rural joys a peaceful tenor keeping,
But e'er exults to mingle in the strife,
When on from crag to crag the prey is leaping.

LXXIII.

Let others sigh for a valley home,
Where the brooks run murmuring by,
I'll build my cot on the mountain's dome,
Where it leans to the deep-blue sky.
I love to dwell where the eagles soar,
And perch on its starry crown,
The wild winds howl and the thunders roar,
As the storm comes rattling down.
Then sigh who will for a valley home,
Where the brooks run murmuring by,
I'll build my cot on the mountain's dome,
Where it leans to the deep-blue sky.

LXXIV.

Let others pine for the vale below ;
Though a home is more genial there,
I love the drift of the mountain snow,
And the health of its bracing air.
We'll bound away on the chamois track,

Or mark as the noble deer
Leaps high in air, as our rifles crack,—
Hurrah ! for our mountain cheer !
Then sigh who will for a valley home,
Where the brooks run murmuring by,
I'll build my cot on the mountain's dome,
Where it leans to the deep-blue sky.

LXXV.

Deep is the fountain of a Christian's love,
And sweetest are the strains his lips are singing,
When from a grateful heart ascends above,
The praise his joyful soul is daily bringing.

LXXVI.

Song gives to Faith its wings, when darkling fear
Hangs o'er the soul, like storm-clouds o'er the ocean ;
And brighter days it sees, when all is drear,
Till Hope enchants with every sweet emotion.

LXXVII.

Through every checked scene of life,
Until we reach the goal ;
In hours of peace, or bitter strife,
Song cheers the drooping soul.
Then, if to-day no joy should smile,
And pleasure's voice be dumb,
Let song the aching heart beguile,
Till brighter hours shall come.

LXXVIII.

What though each fond enjoyment dies,
And dearest hopes decay,
And tears perennial fill the eyes,
Along life's dreary way ;
Ah, when the darkest hour is near,
And every pulse is numb,
Let song thy drooping spirits cheer,
Till brighter hours shall come.

LXXIX.

Hope on though joy should long delay,
'Tis better than despair ;
Endure the grief that must have way,
'Twill lighten all life's care.
And if the heart at last is riven,
Ne'er yet to fate succumb,
For song shall make for thee a Heaven,
When brighter hours shall come !

LXXX.

Thus song enriches every heart and clime,
And breathes the joys of all life's varied stations ;
In harmony Eternity and Time
Live on its chords in holy aspirations.

LXXXI.

Should God in anger e'er his gifts recall,
And two that Earth might ask again be given,
One earnest, ceaseless prayer would go from all,
That Love and Song we still might share with Heaven.

LXXXII.

One place alone there is where Love's pure breath
Is never heard in gentle cadence falling,
And there fell discord reigns, and pain and death,
And words of hate fall on the ear appalling.

LXXXIII.

A world that ne'er has known the power of song,
Where Love is ne'er the raptured bosom swelling,
May well to demons dark and dread belong,
And be to them congenial place of dwelling.

LXXXIV.

"Who is not moved with concord of sweet sounds"
Is dark of soul, and let him ne'er be trusted !
Thus sung the Bard who searched the heart's profounds,
And all its hidden chords to truth adjusted.

LXXXV.

But they who yield to music's sweet control,
To deeds of noblest charity are given ;
And they shall learn, when perfect made in soul,
That Love and Song are other names for Heaven !

LXXXVI.

Oh, ye Athenians ! let the classic name
Upon your banner, every heart inspire
To emulate, adventurous of fame,
The "Doric reed" and brilliant "Attic Lyre."

LXXXVII.

And when the "three Immortals," Genius crowned,
Shall hail on earth in song a fourth Avater,
May he in your Athenian band be found,
An honored son of your loved Alma Mater.

LXXXVIII.

Whate'er the path you choose to win the goal,
The camp or bar, the desk or art of healing,
Oh, pause at times, and let the fettered soul,
Go woo the muse, and breathe its holy feeling.

LXXXIX.

When I review the past, so checkered o'er
With light and shade, with joy and spirits riven,
The brightest spots are those when I could soar
In harmony well nigh the gates of Heaven!

XC.

For Nature I have felt a love intense,
Its birds and flowers, green fields and forests waving;
Each humble object, to my quickened sense,
Brings some new joy to fill the spirit's craving.

XCI.

Ere mingling in the world's dark battle strife
Had petrified the heart, with deepest feeling,
It was bestowed on Him who gave it life,
With holy reverence at his altar kneeling.

XCII.

The love of God shall be my highest theme,
His praise my constant joy, a strain unending ;
And where the rays of fond affection gleam,
There shall my song be heard with others blending.

XCIII.

I may not equal in my highest strain,
The flight of other Bards when humblest soaring ;
Nor hear from other lips these songs again,
When at the shrine of faith and love adoring.

XCIV.

Still I must sing, though none may hear to praise,
For song revives my spirit in dejection ;
And when the light of joy around me plays,
Sure I must sing, for song is joy's reflection !

XCV.

But let us close this wandering lyric strain,
By words of cheer to those whose spirits flagging,
Would yield the crown which they may surely gain,
Though now so far behind all others lagging.

XCVI.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning ;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor ;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

XCVII.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor ;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor ;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever ;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never !

XCVIII.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another,
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever ;
And if you fail to beat the rest,—
'Tis better late than never !

XCIX.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring ;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor ;
But ever keep this truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never !

C.

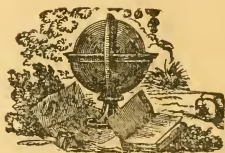
For the world has a treasure for every true heart,
That seeks it undaunted through trial and need ;
The secret to find it is, act well your part,
Whatever your station, and you will succeed.
Be truthful and earnest wherever you go ;
Hold toil as a blessing that sweetens your bread ;
Give your heart to each duty, your strength to each blow,
And with every stroke, hit the nail on the head.

CI.

This world is no hive where the drone may repose,
While others are gleaning its honey with care ;
Nor will he succeed who is dealing his blows
At random, and recklessly hits everywhere.
But choose well your purpose, then breast to the strife,
And hold to it firmly, by rectitude led ;
Give your heart to that duty, and strike for your life,
And with every stroke, hit the nail on the head.

CII.

If fate is against you ne'er falter nor fret,
'Twill not mend your fortunes nor lighten your load ;
Be earnest, still earnest, and you will forget,
You e'er had a burden to bear on the road.
And when at the close, what a pleasure to know,
That you, never flinching, however life sped,
Gave your heart to your duty, your strength to each blow.
And with every stroke—hit the nail on the head.











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